



SCHOOL FOR HOUSEWIVES

By Marion Harland



Housewife's Exchange

"Will you kindly, at your convenience, tell me of a remedy for small white lice on cat? Have used insect powder and coal oil without avail. M. L. W."

An emulsion of kerosene and warm water, beaten well together, with a teaspoonful of shaved bichloride of mercury soap, is said to be potent. May I suggest that you send in your complaint to that pretty and useful monthly, the Cat Journal, Syracuse, N. Y.? There is in it a department where such queries are answered.

A PURCHASER FOR OLD COINS

"I enjoy reading your advice and cautions very much, and must say that your advice to most querists is to the point and well given. In answer to 'H. B.' I have a small collection of coins, and would be pleased to have the two-cent piece. I will give 25 cents for the 1 and 2-cent pieces, or 15 cents for the 2-cent alone, if satisfactory. A. E. B."

Will "H. B." note the above and send to me for the address of our masculine well-wisher and co-worker?

HOW TO ANNOUNCE ENGAGEMENTS

"Will you kindly inform me whether it would be necessary or proper to send engagement announcements to several members of a family, or only to the father and mother? And will you furthermore tell me who is to pay for same—the young lady or gentleman of contracting parties? A. Y. E."

If the announcement be a formal affair, the cards should bear the names of the young woman's parents, and the envelopes be addressed to the head of each family, enclosing cards for the younger members of the household. The parents pay for them.

If the announcements are informal and written, the fiancée may write to her friends, and the prospective groom to his. Or the mother of the bride may write to relatives and friends.

HELPING ONE ANOTHER

A valued member of the Housewife's Guild sends in two timely hints. If my fellow-workers appreciated how welcome are these contributions from the stores of their own experiences, I should have ten where I now have one.

Housewifery is a progressive science, and those who seek to perfect themselves in it should hold counsel together upon the various branches thereof. When one woman happens upon, or finds by much seeking, a new and better way of braising, boiling, brewing, baking or broiling than was hers before the discovery, it is her bounden duty to pass on the new acquisition. It is the selfish, bigoted, non-progressive cook who demurs at sharing a recipe with her neighbor.

"Mrs. E. R. D.," who belongs to a better school, writes:

"If you do not enjoy oil in your dressing, take half cup of vinegar, half cup of water, a teaspoon of starch (or, better, arrowroot), salt, pepper, mustard to taste; cook until thick, stirring all the time. Beat one or two eggs very light; stir in, when cold, a little whipped cream. This will keep in your ice box for many days, for a quick salad."

Also:

"As a cover for jelly, jam or any fruit, try nice store papers—not the mottled kind—cut in good-sized pieces. Dip in milk, press well over top and sides, tie with a string. When it is dry it will be like a drumhead, and will keep for years. I now put milk papers over all my jars, as the rubbers are apt to be so poor."

HOW TO "GREEN" CUCUMBER PICKLE

"In your answer for request for recipe for sliced cucumber pickle, you state, 'Slice and green according to directions given last week for cucumber pickles, etc.' Would you kindly repeat how to 'green' them?"

"I have many of your recipes, but this one I must have missed. I have put up cucumbers before, but they never kept well, and I am so anxious to try your method."

"2. Also, is there any way of making Chili sauce which would thicken it? I use brown sugar as the recipe calls for."

"3. A means of removing paint from crash trousers?"

"You need not publish questions if you find them too long. Mrs. J. A. B."

Your questions are brief and pertinent. You drive directly at the point to be reached, without wasting your time and mine in preambles which always remind me of a house I saw when a child. It had an immense pillared portico behind, which covered a cottage of fair size that looked diminutive by comparison with the "entrance."

1. "Greening" is done by laying the sliced cucumbers between alternate layers of vine leaves, scattering a very little (a mere pinch) of powdered alum over each stratum. Cover closely, set over a slow fire and bring very gradually to the scalding point. It must not boil. Set away, covered, until lukewarm, remove the vine leaves and proceed as directed with the hot spiced vinegar.

2. It thickens with boiling, or ought to acquire consistency in this way. I always use brown sugar.

3. Soak in turpentine, then wash with ammonia and hot water.

CLOTHES FOR SEASHORE WEAR

"Could you tell me what sort of an outfit a young married woman of 25 years would require, while at Atlantic City, during the month of November? My means are limited, and I cannot afford a very elaborate outfit. E. M. T."

A handsome cloth gown, walking length; a second, plainer, with a couple of neat French flannel shirt waists for breakfast and morning; a dark or black silk for evenings, varied by pretty silk shirt waists, ought to get you creditably through the month, with an evening gown, which you no doubt already have.

TO KEEP SILK FROM CUTTING

"Kindly inform me, through your column, how I could put away a taffeta silk petticoat for a length of time, so it should not cut. M. B."

Lay it loosely in a large pasteboard box, spreading double sheets of tissue paper between the folds.

MAKING BREAD WITH POTATOES

"What are the exact proportions, and how can one make one or two loaves of bread with potatoes and compressed yeast? Let me know if potatoes are mixed with sponge at night or in the morning, and if they are put in grated, raw or boiled, and how many for two loaves. I will be very thankful for a good recipe with exact proportions for one or two loaves. State how many loaves your recipe will make. Mrs. H. B."

I cannot answer your question better than by telling you how to make two loaves of bread with potato sponge.

Mash three hot boiled potatoes. Work in a teaspoonful of shortening and one tablespoonful of white sugar. Beat to a cream, adding a pint of warm—not hot—water in which the potatoes were boiled. Work into this one and a half cupfuls of sifted flour, and, lastly, half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in half a cupful of warm water.

Throw a towel over the bread bowl and leave to rise all night.

In the morning put one quart and a pint of dry flour into a bowl or tray. It should have been sifted twice with a scant tablespoonful of salt. Make a hollow in the middle of the flour and pour in the risen sponge, which should by now be very light. Work the flour into it with your hands until it is just stiff enough to handle. Knead for at least ten minutes in all directions, turning over and over. Fifteen minutes is not too long. Make the dough into a ball, sift flour over it, cover and let it rise until it has doubled the original size. Turn out upon kneading board and knead well. Make them into two large or three small loaves, kneading each upon the board for ten minutes; set in greased pans to rise for one hour longer, and bake.

Types of Notable American Women

Number Eleven



MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST

THREE GOOD RECIPES

APPLE CHUTNEY.

This is an extremely nice relish with cold meat or fish. To make it obtain four pounds of sour apples, two pounds of Demerara sugar, three pints of vinegar, one and one-half pounds of raisins, two ounces of mustardseed, one ounce of salt, one ounce of garlic, one ounce of ground ginger, one-quarter teaspoonful cayenne.

Stone the raisins; peel, core and cut the apples in slices, put them in a jar, stand this in a saucepan of boiling water, and stew the apples until tender. Chop up the garlic and raisins, add these to the apples, along with the sugar and all the other ingredients. Simmer the chutney over the fire until it clings to the spoon, like jam. Turn into pots for use, and tie down when cold.

If preferred, three pounds of apples can be used and one pound of red tomatoes. If the latter are included, they must be scalded first, in order that they can be skinned easily before mixing with the other ingredients.

MRS. F. D.

COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD.

Begin by making your mayonnaise, and arrange your lettuce leaves on a large, flat dish. Break with the bowl of a spoon the cottage cheese into grains, and when this is done moisten it gradually with the mayonnaise dressing, rubbing and blending it all together into a creamy mass. When the cheese has reached this state, drop a tablespoonful of it upon each lettuce leaf. Set the dish on the ice long enough to chill the contents thoroughly, and serve.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE.

(By Request.)

Select small tomatoes of uniform size. What are known as "egg tomatoes" are the best. Pack them in a crock, with alternate layers of salt; put a plate with a stone on top of the last layer (of salt) and pour in cold water until they are covered. Leave thus for twelve days, stirring up from the bottom twice during this time. Do this with your bare hand, not to bruise the tomatoes.

Pour off the brine, pick over the tomatoes, rejecting the imperfect and soft; pack in another crock and pour cold, fresh water upon them. Leave thus for two days. Pick over again, wipe each and put into a kettle lined with vine leaves, sprinkling a little powdered alum between the layers—a tablespoonful in all. Cover with clear water, spread three thicknesses of leaves over the tomatoes, fit on a tight cover and set where they will not reach the boil under two hours. They must scald, never boil.

After four hours' steaming uncover the pot, pour off the water, throw away the leaves and drop the tomatoes into iced water. There must be lumps of ice in it to keep down the temperature. Leave thus until firm and cold.

Meanwhile heat (for four gallons of tomatoes) a gallon of vinegar, one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of celeryseed and the same of mustardseed, a muslin bag containing one teaspoonful of white pepper, a bag containing the same quantity of ground cloves and a third holding a teaspoonful of ground mace. When this is scalding hot wipe the tomatoes, pack them into jars and pour the boiling vinegar over them. Cover closely and keep in a cool, dark place for a month. Scald the vinegar again and pour over the pickles. Cover, and leave them alone for three months more.

They will be fit for use then, but improve with keeping.

Some good pickle-makers add a little sugar to green pickles every quarter, to counteract the growing sharpness of the vinegar.

The Mother's Corner

Knowing that you always answer girls' queries kindly, I come to you for advice. I am only a girl of fourteen, large for my age, and am very bashful. When I go into company I can think of nothing to say; simply lose my tongue, and blush when I do speak; and oh! how uncomfortable it makes me feel! My friends advise me "to forget myself," but that is easy to say and hard to do. When I realize that to be bashful and awkward in one's manners shows poor breeding, I am more anxious than ever to overcome this misfortune. Can you help me? M. P.

Yes. I always answer girls' letters, unless when they consult me about complexions and hair curling mixtures. If you were my daughter I should take you out a great deal, and have you go into the drawing room with me when my friends call, and encourage you to use your tongue much in talking with myself and other members of the family. I should also try to impress upon you the fact that not one person in fifty concerns himself or herself with thoughts of you; that how you look and act will not be thought of by to-morrow, and that your business in life is to put other people at their ease, without vexing your brain as to your own "good times."

One of the very "nicest" women I know was the most diffident of children. Bashfulness was an agony. Her mother tried the treatment I have described, with the result that she is gentle, self-possessed, tactful, always thoughtful of others' happiness, and—this may seem strange—an admirable talker. She converses, not harangues. Your friends say "forget yourself." I advise, think of somebody else, if it be only a child, or a quiet old gentleman or lady. No human being is utterly uninteresting. Set about finding out how interesting those you meet are.

KEEPING CHILDREN'S HEAD CLEAN

I notice in your column a request for an effectual remedy for vermin in her child's head, signed "Ignorance." Permit me to say, for the benefit of any interested, that one thorough application of tincture of fishberries will entirely eradicate the trouble. It must be freshly prepared, and can be had, at small cost, of any good druggist. The hair and head must be thoroughly saturated, then left over night; the next day comb thoroughly. There will be absolutely no further trouble—the fishberries must be fresh. A. E. B.

"A fond mother" who writes by the same mail that brings the above letter of her distress that her little girl has come home from summering with her head "in a state" will please note the remedy given.

If she cannot get fresh fishberries, let her try tincture of larkspur. It is "sure death."

WANTS DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING DOLL

So many have been helped by your answers in The Mother's Corner, I wonder if there is any one who would give directions for a knitted doll. Quite a number of years ago directions were given in the Toledo Blade. I thought I preserved them, but if I did I have lost them. This knitted doll, when finished, was dressed all complete. I will be so glad if any one can furnish directions. E. A. C.

Will fancy work lovers note and comply with this request?

THE EFFECT OF CONDENSED MILK

Will you kindly ask mothers, through your column, who have raised babies on condensed milk if it is true that their teeth and bones remain soft? I have been giving the condensed milk to my baby, and it seems to agree with her, and she is gaining all the time, but I have been told that if I continue, her teeth and bones will not become hard.

I am very anxious to know if this is true. Our family physician says it is. MRS. C.

Thousands of healthy children with sound bones and teeth have been brought up on condensed milk. If you fear lest it may soften the body structure of your baby, put a little lime-water in the milk twice a day, a scant teaspoonful each time. This will also tend to prevent the milk from causing the "rash" that sometimes follows the use of it. My own objection to condensed milk is that it is too sweet. Baby's food should be very slightly "qualified" with sugar. It has a tendency to sour in the stomach.

HER MOTHER AND HER MALE CALLERS

I am 24 years old. Do you think it right for my mother to sit in the back parlor while I entertain gentlemen callers in the front parlor until the callers depart? They are every one of them young men of good families and fine moral calibre. Several of them have hinted at my mother's presence, and (confidentially) I have often wished she wasn't there, but I have never said as much. I have her meet all my friends, and am always proud of her, but still I don't know how to solve this question. Tell me what you think—please!

2. What do you think of having among your very best friends a young man who is known to have had a "past" not to his credit, but who has reformed? I have such a friend, and other people tell me I am jeopardizing my own reputation by classing him among my friends. What do you say of these knotty points? G. B.

Let me ask a question in my turn. Why should your visitors object to your mother's presence in the next room? She need not overhear what is said unless you speak more loudly than becomes a young woman. Why should your friends be so wrought up by the presumption of the mistress of the house in occupying her own sitting room as to "hint" to her daughter that her presence there is disagreeable? Is not this very reticence an evidence of their desire to be more familiar in behavior and speech than they would dare to be with her within hearing of romp and "horse play"?

May I ask further if the youth "with a past" is one of the malcontents? I suspect it, and respect the courage of the parent who maintains her rightful place in the face of hints and winks.

I have not forgotten my own girlhood, or the wise guardianship that I can see now saved me in many a perilous pass and preserved her self-respect to a thoughtless, giddy creature.

I am thankful, too, that I never felt my parents' presence a drawback to merry converse—the innocent badinage of boys and girls. Why should it be? There are cross, captious, critical mothers, but your mother seems not to interfere with your associates—not even with the friendly relations with the reformed rake which has excited the apprehension of friends.

Again I ask, why have you "often wished she wasn't there?" I should like to have some other opinions on the subject from other girls and other mothers. Will they give them—and freely?

How the Sioux Does His Wooing

ALTHOUGH cruelty is the attribute on sits among the shadows and listens, by which the Sioux Indian has been known best in the past, he is more poetic in his love making than many of the "paleface" braves" who now possess so large a share of the happy hunting grounds of his fathers. He first makes known the emotions of his heart to the girl he has decided he wants for a wife in the universal language of music. The medium he uses is a flute made of willow or some other wood that has a bark easily detached. The instrument is about a foot in length, and has several perforations through the bark, each of which represents a musical note. The sound produced, though somewhat shrill and life-like, is not unpleasant to the ear. After he has studied the dark-eyed daughters of his tribe critically and decided which one he prefers for a wife, he stations himself near the tepee of her father and there begins his serenade. The time he chooses as best suited to tell love's tale is the twilight. The maid sits among the shadows and listens, but speaks no word. For Indian etiquette in such matters is not the etiquette of the white man. Instead, the father takes the initiative for her. When he realizes that the music is waiting a message for his daughter's ear he is all attention, and when it is quite dark steals forth and re-connote. He learns the identity of the youth. This fact being known he quickly decides whether the man is eligible. Then he returns to the tepee and advises his daughter. If he approves he tells her: "Go, my child, he is a worthy Dakota and will make you a good master." But if he disapproves, "Remain, my daughter, he is not a desirable person." No matter what tale the music has told to the Indian girl's heart she obeys her father implicitly. If he approves of the suitor she slips out in the darkness and greets the youth. And he, knowing that her coming means capitulation on her part, gives one triumphant "toot" on his flute and then flings it down that he may tell love's tale in the twilight. The maid gives her an appropriate welcome.